not miss the poetry of the past. The poetry of the present, gigantic, colossal and enormous, made nie forget it. The "sky-scrapers"—what a brutal name it is when one conies to think of it!—so splendid in the landscape now, did not exist in 1883, hut I find it difficult to divide my early impressions from rny later ones. There was Brooklyn Bridge though, hung up high in the air like a vast spider's web.

Between 1883 and 1893 I noticed a great change in New York and other cities. In ten years they seemed to have grown with the energy of tropical plants. But between 1893 and 1907 I saw no evidence of such feverish increase. It is possible that the Americans are arriving at a stage when they can no longer beat the records ! There is a vast difference between one of the old New York brownstone houses and one of the fourteen-storied buildings near the river, but between this and the Times Square Building or the still more amazing Flat Iron Build-ing, which is said to oscillate at the top—it is so far from the ground—there is very little difference. I hear that they are now beginning to build downwards into the earth, but this will not change the appearance of New York for a long time.

I had not to endure the wooden shed in which most people landing in America have to struggle with the Custom-house officials—SL struggle as brutal as a " round in the ring/' as Paul Bourget describes it. We were taken ofi the *Britannic* in a tug, and Mr, Abbey, Laurence Barrett, and many other friends met us—including the much-

dreaded reporters.

They were not a bit dreadful, but very quick to see wbat kind of a man Henry was. In a minute he was on the best of terms with them. He had on what I used to call has best " Jingle *' manner—a manner full of refinement, bonhomie, elegance and geniality.